

Jan. 21, 1973 - Tues.

Dear Vickie and Jim,

The days fly by and I have the baby often but I did play bridge last Tuesday and then I had the baby for the week-end. This past week end I had Donnelly's over Friday night, and Phyllis and Harry over Saturday night. Mary and Mike came over Sunday and the baby stayed over night so I had a busy week-end.

Thank you for the letter. I guess you haven't heard anything definite about the trip yet.

The restaurant review is about Gail's husband's new restaurant where their reception was held. However the Times seems to always give any restaurant a poor review. Gail's address is -

James Deppar

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Ueki, that knitting book isn't the one I had in mind, but I couldn't find that one. Either Stella or Mary has it. Anyway the one I sent you is similar. I showed you how to cast on a different way, but I first learned the way it shows in the book, which still looks complicated, but I know you can do it.

I made the braided bread last week. I now am anxious to try the bread turkey.

Our weather is on the cold side and we even had a little snow last week.

I have been going house hunting with Mary in the Kanton area as Mike wants to run for a County Council position. The first will find out in a week or so if he has a chance to fill a vacancy on the City Council, if he gets it, he is second choice, they will stay where they are.

It will be up to Mayor Uhlman to decide who to appoint.

My pictures aren't ready yet but maybe they will come in today. I am anxious to see them.

I am going over to Reukia tomorrow for lunch.

Someone stole Mary and Mike's garbage can. They just dumped all the garbage out. I just hate that neighborhood. So far Mike is driving back and forth from Olympia, but he just rented a small apartment there so will stay in Olympia a good part of the time. When he stays over night in Olympia I hope Mary will come home. I would hate to have the baby stolen.

I walked the weather there and it is pretty nice.

Aunt Stella is coming over soon for coffee and then I will go to the P.O. when she leaves.

Love, Mom.